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THE Portſmouth GHOST,

OR, A

Full and true Account of a ſtrange, wonderful, and dreadful Appearing of the Ghoſt of Madam JOHNSON, a beautiful young Lady of Portſmouth.

SHEWING

I. Her falling in Love with Mr. JOHN HUNT, a Captain in one of the Regiments ſent to Spain.

II. Of his promiſing her Marriage, and leaving her big With Child.

III. Of her ſelling herſelf to the Devil to be revenged on the Captain.

IV. Of her ripping open her own Belly, and the Devil's flying away with her Body, and leaving the child in the room.

V. Of the Captain's Fleet being drove back by a Storm to St. Helens.

VI. Of her appearing to ſeveral Sailors, acquainting them who ſhe was.

VII. Of her carrying him away in the night in a flame of fire.

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THE Portſmouth GHOST.

GOOD people all, I pray attend,
And liſten to what I have penn'd;
The truth of this is known full well,
As thouſands in the place can tell.

In Portſmouth town, as we do hear,
There liv'd a charming maiden fair,
Her folly prov'd her overthrow,
And ruin'd ſoul and body too.

A Captain in the guards we hear,
Hard by her father's quarter'd were;
He courted her to be his wife,
And ſhe did love him as her life.

They oftentimes would ſport and play,
At laſt her honour he did betray;
As ſoon as e'er ſhe prov'd with child,
He ſeemed pleas'd and on her ſmil'd,

Saying, Deareſt don't be diſcontent,
We'll marry'd be, ſo don't lament;
If ever I prove falſe to thee,
Let heaven's vengeance fall on me.

O may I never proſper here,
If I do wrong my deareſt dear:
Let furies take me in a flame,
If I my jewel do diſdain.

But in a little time the men,
Indeed was called home again;
The captain he muſt leave is dear,
Which made her ſigh with bitter tears.

He promiſed for her to ſend,
The which he never did intend,
O perjur'd man! ſhe thus did ſay,
I'll ſurely be reveng'd on thee.

At length a letter ſhe did ſend,
Theſe words indeed were in it penn'd;
Sweet love, if I ſhould come to thee,
Pray would you be a friend to me?

Straitway he ſent an anſwer thus,
Unto my friendſhip do not truſt,
'Tis beſt to ſtay where now you be,
You'll little comfort have of me.

Soon as the letter ſhe received,
You may be ſure her heart was griev'd,
And for to ſtudy day and night,
To be reveng'd ſuch was her ſpight.

But this young Captain her delight,
Of late unto the Iſle of White,
And all his Men did march away,
Leaving his Love at Home to ſtay.

As soon as she the same did hear,
The smote her breast and tore her hair,
Begging the devil to appear,
For to direct her, as we hear.
For to torment this perjur'd man,
The furious Fiend, that's ready when
So e'er he finds us in dispair,
Our precious souls for to ensnare.
One night indeed to her did come,
As she was sitting all alone,
And like a man he did appear,
Saying, Woman come be of good cheer.
Came prick thy arm, one drop give me
Of thy dear blood, thou soon shall see,
I'll bring thy love to thee again.
At this she did rejoice amain.
She prick'd her tender arm severe,
One drop of blood would not appear.
Here take this instrument, said she
He answered, that must not be.
Until that you delivered are
I cannot touch one single hair
From off your head, if that would do.
Then instantly away he ew,
The people all were inflamaz'd,
Such dreadful shrieks and howls he made,
You'd thought would rend the house in twain,
Her tender parents heard the same.
And straitway up stairs they run,
And found their daughter alone,
With countenance as pale as lead,
Her aged mother to her said,

My child, what is the matter pray ?
She nothing unto them ſhe ſaid ;
For two Divines her parents dear,
Straitway did ſend, when they came there.
To pray with her they did proceed.
Still nothing unto them he ſaid,
Nor all the means they did invent,
Could make her hardened heart relent.
When they three days with her had been
To ſpeak to them ſhe did begin
And ſighing unto them did ſay,
'tis in vain for me to pray.
My ſoul is gone, it's gone and loſt,
And death that pale and ghaſtly ghoſt,
Doth tell me hear I muſt not ſtay,
So ceaſe good gentlemen to pray.
Chriſt dy'd for ſinners we do know
To ſave us from the gulph of woe ;
Call on his name, and ſoon you'll find,
That Satan's words they are but wind.
But all the words that they could uſe
And counſel good ſhe did refuſe
Finding no good for to be done
Her wicked courſes ſhe muſt run.
Her parents watch'd her night and day
Still ſhe this tragedy did play,
For with a penknife keen and ſharp
She pierc'd herſelf unto the heart.
Likewiſe ſhe rip'd her belly too
She having got a month to go ;
The little dear infant alive,

Her body ſtrait was born away
For her diſtreſſed ſoul let's pray;
Altho' that we do fear that ſhe
Is loſt to all eteruity.
Good Chriſtian people do but think
What grief her parents underwent,
To have a child ſo void of grace!
O let us all deplore their caſe.
And now we'll leave them for to mourn
To the young Captain we'll return
Who little of this thing does know,
But is with dreams tormented ſo,
He night nor day no reſt could take
All company he does forſake
And very malancholy grew
At length appeared to his view.

His love in ſuch a frightful trim,
That made him tremble every limb,
A penknife ſticking in her heart,
Saying falſe man, you caus'd my ſmart,
For all your cruel perjury,
Your ſoul along with me muſt lie,
Where curs'd infernal fiends do dwell
And ſtrait upon his knees he fell,
And ſtraitway unto prayers went,
The diſmal ghoſt with diſcontent,
With dreadful groans it vaniſhed,
Leaving the Captain almoſt dead,

For Virgo they were bound we hear
One of the ſoldiers, I declare
At noon did ſee this Ghaſtly ſight,
Which put them into a great fright,
They knew not what to do or ſay,
But to the Captain went ſtraitway,
And told the thing that they had ſeen,
And wondered what the ſame did mean,
Sometimes ſo perfectly ſhe'd come
The ſhip would like to overturn;
At laſt one of the ſailors he,
Reſolved was to ſpeak to ſhe,
The next time that ſhe came again,
For to have periſh'd on the main,
They all expected for to rue
So violent the ſtorm it grew,
They all at fervent prayers were,
At length this ſailor, I declare,
Did ſpeak to her, and thus did ſay,
What ails thy troubled ſpirit pray?
The truth ſhe quickly then did tell
Saying Him I'll have, then all is well
Then with a viſage fierce and Grim,
She ſtrait approached unto him,

He went to turn and hide his face,
She cry'd False man it is too late,
She clasp'd him in her arms straitway,
But no man knew his dying day,
In a flash of fire many see
She dragged him into the sea;
The storm is soon abated were
They all returned thanks by prayer,
Unto the Lord that sav'd their lives
And delivered them from that surprise
Let this a warning be to all
That reads the same both great and small,

FINIS,